

came you to think of undertaking my business; you are not master of your own?" "Lord, sir," replied the frightened taylor, I only only wanted," repeated Mr. Garrick; "pray, me—didst thou ever behold Macbeth, with his dagger, bully the ghost of Banquo off the stage?" "sir," said Snip. "You shall behold it now then," said Mr. Garrick, and quit my sight! thy sheers are edgeless, goose is cold—thou hast no thread, idle in those paws that thou dost stitch withal; manager dare I dare—approach thou like the and greasy lamp-lighter, or armed chimney-sweeper, rush and soot-bag—take any form but that, thy rich wardrobe shall yet escape cabbaging; me to thy shop-board with thy sheers; bling I inhibit, then protest me tch of a buttonhole—Hence, horrible taylor, hence." "The word, and the taylor was off in a tan-perfectly cur'd of his passion for the stage but he resolved never to think of more, but to attend shop board.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

County of Hampshire and Commonwealth of Mass.  
Aug. 1811.

the good of these of my fell-w men, who may perience the loss of health, I make the following nt of facts—That one year and a half, I was, in conce of excessive labour, afflicted with pain in both of, difficulty of breathing, some cough and loss of made use of a variety of medicines from different phy-to no effect, for twelve months. I then placed myder the care of Dr. George Rogers, and by the use of getable Pulmonic Detergent, and mild vegetable treat- about three months, I can say I am restored to the cent of evidently increasing good health and sound- and I have abundant reason to attribute my re- to the use of the

GETABLE PULMONIC DETERGENT,  
ould recommend it as a safe and efficacious medicine.  
CALVIN HYDE.

e above mentioned very valuable medi-  
for sale at the Lottery and Exchange Office of

R. HUNTINGTON,  
No. 1, Exchange-Street—BOSTON

ent and vender.  
for sale at R. H's almost every kind of genuine and proved patent medicines, particularly the much cele Dr. Hunter's pills; Rell's aromatic pills; Dr. Rell's al drops, and all medicines prepared by W. T. Cox- Al's essence of peppermint, opodeldoc, Lee's pilis- gton's balsom, Denison's bitters, eye salve, cold cream, oil, Scotch ointment, &c. Spanish cigars, Maccabau, her snuff, smoking and chewing tobacco, wholesale ail—also.

ickets and Quarters in all the Lotteries  
fore the public; Dixville Road Lottery commences ing in a few days, and tickets will shortly rise, they may e had of R. Huntington, for 5 dollars, Quarters, 1 37, e Tickets in the Harvard College, and New-York U- lotteries taken in payment.

The Manager's Official List of Prizes in the York Union College Lottery, No. 2, may be exam- e above Office.

st all kinds of bank bills bought and sold, or ex- d on the usual terms.  
Aug. 24.

## COLUMBIAN MUSEUM,

Next the Stone Chapel—Tremont-St.  
fashionable and valuable resort for amusement, is calculated to please the gay—infirm, the in- and for the grave to admire; nearly one hundred ng and thirty wide.

ng the late additions is a correct likeness of ANN RE, a woman who has lived more than three years at food. Al's.  
ANORAMIC VIEW of the STORMING of SE- APATAM, the original painted by the celebrated K. Poster. Admittance to the Museum, 25 without distinction of age.  
Aug. 12.

## THE BOTANIST, &c.

lished and ready for subscribers, and others, price one dollar and seventy-five cents.

E BOTANIST, being the Botanical part of a course of Lectures on Natural History, delivered in the city at Cambridge—together with A DISCOURSE TILITY—By Benjamin Waterhouse, M.D. Pro- of the Theory and Practice of Physic in the Univer- Cambridge.

Subscribers who have not received their Books are re- to call for them at the Printing Office in Winter Aug. 12.

## THE MISSIONARY,

lian Tale by the celebrated Miss Owenson, three times in one, with a Likeness engraved by the Est- erican artist

N OF BRITTANY, an Historical Romance.  
Three volumes in one

he union of Bretagne with the French under Charles and Louis XII and the final extinction of the influence in France, will alw ys be subjects of interest—and not inferior to the most striking ge of fiction." History of France.

ATHER'S TALES to his DAUGHTER.  
N. Bouilly, member of the acad my of arts and nces, of Tours, &c. &c.—translated from the ch—Two volumes in one.  
Aug. 31.

## THE SCOURGE

ILL BE PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK, BY  
M. BUTLER,

Printing Office in Devonshire Street, in the room over Thomas Wightman's engravers.

# THE



By TIM TONCHSTONE, Esq.

# SCOURGE.

No. 7.]

WEAK MEN DEMAND OUR PITY—BAD MEN DESERVE OUR STRIPES.—TOUCH.

[Vol. I.

BOSTON:  
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1811.

From the London Sun.

## MEMOIRS OF SUCHET,

One of Bonaparte's Generals and Counts, and lately cre- ated a Marshal, and one of the Corsican's Grand Dignities.

Of Souchet, the "Conqueror of Tarragona," all have heard, but he has been known only as the in- human and uncivilized barbarian, that in cold blood caused thousands to be put to the sword for that which ought to have raised his admiration instead of calling forth his cruelty. The memoirs of such a man must excite interest, and with this expectation we have extracted the following particulars from the Antigallican Monitor:

I have often had occasion to remark, that the most conspicuous of Bonaparte's Generals are men sprung from the lowest ranks of society—brutal, ignorant, rapacious and cruel. Of this order is Count Suchet, the Conqueror of Tarragona, and who, for the very humane report to his master, lately published, where- in he threatens "to destroy the city by fire, should the garrison continue to hold out," was made a Mar- shal and Grand Dignitary of the French Empire!

"Suchet is a native of Lyons, where he was bound apprentice to a hair dresser, and the revolution found Count Suchet shaving, or dressing hair and wigs. He, like many other worthies of those good times, quitted his comb and curling irons, to take up arms in support of that "fabric of human wisdom." Jac- obinical declamation at the Jacobinical Club at Ly- ons, soon procured him an admission into the Na- tional Guards; and in 1792 he was appointed Cap- tain. In 1793, when representative of the people, Chaliers, was condemned to death at Lyons for his cruelty, our hero of the comb was obliged to fly his native place. He wandered about the country with the revolutionary army, and was for a considerable time the associate of the infamous Jourdan, coup-tete (nead-cutter). When Fouche and Collet d'Herbois were sent as Commissioners of the Convention to that unfortunate city, he returned again and com- mitted every sort of excess: he assisted at the Mil- itary Commissions which condemned hundreds of persons of all sexes and ages to death in the course of a day. The civism of Count Suchet recommen- ded him to the notice of some of the generals who commanded the Revolutionary armies, and who had the guillotine ambulantes (portable guillotines) always with them. It was under one of these Generals, of the name of Rousin, that he served as Colonel in one of the regiments of the line, and in Vendee, when under the orders of Santerre, he was promoted to the rank of Gen. of Brigade. Santerre's army being unsuccessful in Vendee, Rousin's division was again ordered to Lyons, and Suchet was then ap- pointed the Chief of the Staff, where he committed every cruelty that the most savage natural ferocity can dictate.—When Rousin was accused in Paris, whither he was conducted to be guillotined by order of Robespierre, on account of his attachment to Hebert of countenancing the infamous conduct of his Etat Major [Staff], he answered, "What would you have me do? I know as well as you do that they are no better than a gang of robbers, but I am obli- ged to have such rascals in my army. Do you think you can get honest men to serve in a Revolutiona- ry army?"

Our hero of the curling irons had more good for- tune than his General, (a ci-devant dramatic poet) for the latter was guillotined; but the former, on account of his great civism, was promoted to the rank of General of Division, and Commander in Chief of the Revolutionary Army, which was some- thing similar to our *passe comutatis*, merely to sup- press riots. He had a Pro-Consul of the Conven- tion always attending him, as was customary in those times, and the name of this worthy Patriot, his at- tendant, was Maignet, an Ex-Advocate. It was with this *spotless* Republican that Count Suchet was guilty of an act similar to that for which Napoleon has lately created him a Marshal! Indeed, it has al- ways happened that he who was a favorite of Robes- pierre, has likewise become so with Bonaparte.

"A tree of Liberty, it seems, was cut down at a town called Bedoin. When Suchet and the Pro- Consul heard of this afflicting intelligence, they in- stantly repaired, with their revolutionary army and the guillotine ambulant to the spot—the town was set on fire and all the inhabitants, without distinc- tion, guillotined and shot! This was done by a de- cree of the Pro-Consul, bearing date the 17th Flo- real (the 6th of May, 1794,) emanating from a self- created tribunal called tribunal d'Orange. Not con- tent with this act of barbarity, all the adjacent villa- ges and towns were given up to plunder, and after- wards burnt. The inhabitants took refuge in the mountains, whither Soult followed them with a bat- talion of the regiment de l'Ardeche, and had them all shot!!

The Moniteur, will confirm the truth of this state- ment; for in that paper the Committee of Public Safety made a long and grand report of this act of civism.

Shortly after the above act, Robespierre fell; the new committees of Public Safety recalled the Pro- Consul, who was accused in the Convention by the Deputy Goupileau, on the 25th of Aug. 1794; on the 5th of December and April, 1795, of the follow- ing atrocities: That he, Maignet, the Pro-Consul, with the Military Commander Suchet, had ditches made in the vicinity of the towns of Orange and Bedoin, filled with burning lime, in which they threw their victims, some of whom were not even dead! It was also stated in the Convention, that a young girl of eighteen years of age, who applied to the General Suchet to obtain a pardon for her father, was herself guillotined. An old man, of eighty-se- ven years old, who had been six years in his second childhood, was also guillotined by that monster, be- cause he was rich! The Pro-Consul escaped punish- ment at that time; but when Bonaparte usurped the government in 1799, he was deported to Cayenne.

But, to return to our hero Suchet, after his col- league was denounced in Paris, he absented himself from the army, and wandered about the country, in various situations, till the great and grand Napoleon, who so well knows how to distinguish and reward merit, gave Suchet a command in the army of Italy. However when he entered the army under Bona- parte, he only had the rank of Colonel, [Chef de Brigade] as a General in the revolutionary gave no rank whatever in the regular army.

Suchet continued with the army of Italy, and did not follow his great and good friend Bonaparte to Egypt. When Switzerland was invaded by the Di- rectory, Suchet's regiment was attached to the French army under General Schadembourg, who commen-

ced the unprovoked hostilities towards that once hap- py country! In a district of Switzerland where he commanded, he was accused of having murdered eight hundred women, and a great number of chil- dren. The men were all in the army. In No. 197 of the Moniteur of the year VI. there is a letter of his to the Editor of that paper, exculpating himself of the accusation and attempting to deny the charge. Nevertheless, he was shortly after appointed Gener- al of Brigade, under the orders of Massena; and, having conducted himself at the taking of Ancona like a revolutionary cut-throat, he was cashiered, but soon after restored to the army of Italy. He was at the famous battle of Novi, and was afterwards appointed to a command under Massena, who was shortly after blockaded in Genoa in 1800.

This is the character of one of Bonaparte's Gen- erals sent to subdue Spain; and it is well worthy of observation, that, with the exception of Marmont, the Generals whom he sent to that country and to Portugal, have all distinguished themselves for their ferocity; such as Soult, Massena, Victor, Loisson, Bessieres, Junot, Murat, Savary, the two latter of whom commanded in Spain at the time the Royal Family of that country was trepanned.

## FOR THE SCOURGE. LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP. A TRUE STORY.

How glow'd my breast when first I walked,  
With C. P. then not quite fifteen,  
To mark her meekness while she talk'd,  
Tho' not with faith, of things unseen.

Sweet innocence betray'd each look,  
That o'er her dimpled beauty shone,  
When as her timid hand I took,  
To press or speak of days to come.

Yet I unconscious of her love,  
With heavenly passive influence mild,  
Wish'd but one proof, when lo, to prove,  
I viewed her sharp, she was with— I.

A young Lady in this neighbourhood who was courted, as they term it, being asked when she should be married, replied, "as soon as commerce flourish- es;" a few weeks after, finding she had in store ar- ticles of *home manufacture* sufficient to last six months or more, relinquished the idea of foreign commerce, and was married immediately.

Peter, who bowed with profound reverence to the smiling anti-visage of the Pope, after giving an ac- count in detail of his travels through Italy, once the admiration of the world, was asked by a friend, if he brought any *natural curiosities* from that country; he replied with great sang froid, yes; he had brought two *bonnets*—one for his mother, and one for his sister.

Judge Vinall says "that cutting down Bacon Hill has made good *Pork* for the town; it was all his do- ings, and perfectly accorded with ideas of levelling all distinctions." It is said the Judge has had an utter aversion to elevated situations, ever since his attachment to a certain *moor*.

One of the Hon. Mr. Seaver's correspondents al- ways subscribes his letter thus:—

"The Hornable misty Aben-is-her Sever, man- board off Corn-grease off the Untied Stays."



# THE SCOURGE. BOSTON, MONDAY, OCTOBER 7. 1811.

"*Hung be the Heavens with black.*"

Though the custom of having mock funerals is quite a novel one in this country, yet we believe the Printers of the Patriot in the present instance, are not entitled to the credit of originality; for if our memory serves us, the celebrated Lord Dexter had the ceremonies of his funeral performed with great solemnity and splendour some time previous to his death. Following his example in this case, as well as in many others, it seems that the printers of that paper have determined on having its funeral obsequies rehearsed with all due pomp and parade, previous to its dissolution, in order that when it bids adieu to the world, and they consign it to the tomb, there may be no bustle and confusion, as is usual in democratic processions.

The following is the order of procession:

Aegis Editor	Aurora Editor
Pittsfield Sun Editor	Essex Register Editor
Demo. Press Editor	Chronicle Editor

**PATRIOT**

Captain Tom Webb, chief mourner  
Caleb Bingham, Esq.  
Senator Wm. King  
Major Melville  
Marshal Prince  
Members of the Whig Club  
Members of the Joe Bunker Society  
Democrats of all denominations  
Ink-makers, bedaubed with ink from head to foot  
Paper-makers, properly sized  
Printers' Devils  
Newscarrers  
Tag, Rag and Bobtail.

This offspring of old Mrs. Democracy, is at present in the third year of its age. From its birth it has been remarkably feeble and sickly, and has been a very *cotinine* child, as Dr. Noyes observed once; and although it had attained the third year of its age, it could not stand alone. Its unfeeling nurse Everett left it not long ago, to suckle a weakly little *Yankee*, and the moment he left it, it received such a violent contusion on its head by a shocking fall, that its life is despaired of—which circumstance has occasioned this mock funeral.

We must not omit to notice, that during the melancholy and afflicting ceremonies, Mr. Honè Austin was seen to titter more than an hundred times, a circumstance so remarkable, that we really thought the man was not in his right mind. Several were on the point of securing him, lest he might commit some act of violence on those who attended the funeral. But his levity was but of short duration, for on his return from the funeral, he observed that David's youngest brat would mar all his joys, and he never should be a happy man until there was a law prohibiting the propagation of democracy through any other medium than that of the Chronicle.

## DEMOCRATIC EDITORS.

With what propriety the hirelings of the democratic party can charge federal editors with being under foreign influence we know not, since of the latter class there is not one within our knowledge throughout the United States, who is not an American by birth as well as in principle. But the following statement will show that the most influential democratic papers on the continent are conducted by foreigners—and those too who are fugitives from justice:—

The Aurora printed in Philadelphia, edited by William Duane, who was born in Ireland, went to Calcutta, and there for certain crimes, suffered the most ignominious punishment; came to this country afterwards in the most miserable situation imaginable; obtained employment as editor of that paper; vilified Washington, and for services rendered the cause of democracy, was appointed a colonel in the U. S. army.

The Democratic Press, published in Philadelphia, by one John Binns, who was sentenced to be hanged in Ireland; escaped by some miraculous event; fled to this country; became a *patriot*, and is now one of governor Snyder's advisers.

The Baltimore Whig, published by Baptist Irvine, an unprincipled, illiterate and low bred Irishman, who was too base to live in his own country, and therefore sought an asylum in America, and is a great favorite of Smith, the Ex-Secretary of State.

The National Intelligencer, the American official paper, published at Washington, by one Joseph Gales, a profligate fellow, whose father fled from England about twelve years ago, to escape the punishment due to his crimes.

The Norfolk Herald, edited by one O'Connor, an Irishman who was obliged to leave his native country on account of his crimes.

The Raleigh (N. C.) Register by Joseph Gales, sen. father to the one mentioned above.

The Wilmington (Del.) Watchman, by one James Wilson, a profligate Irishman.

And there are scarcely any democratic papers published in the United States, but what are supported by private subscription, or for the sole benefit of some individual whose aim is power and profit. On the other side, an instance of the kind cannot be adduced.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES—No. 3.

It has been very justly remarked, that the greater part of the most eminent characters of ancient and modern times, have sprung from obscure origin; and the extraordinary personage we are now about to introduce to our readers, affords a striking illustration of the remark.

The subject of this sketch is one who owes his elevation more to a very amiable disposition, extreme diffidence and profound learning, than to any other causes.—The celebrated town of Hingham gave him birth. His parents were poor, but honest. Discovering a great propensity to become a disciple of Vulcan, he was gratified in his wishes; and until he was twenty years of age, he pursued the business of shoeing horses. It was then that the vivifying rays of science began to dawn on him. Indolence, which is invariably the attendant on genius, forbid him to cramp his capacious mind over the sledge and anvil. He abandoned the work-shop for the academy. After passing through the usual course of a classical education, he became a student of law, but we believe it was never his desire to enter into the practice. He has been often heard to observe, that the study of the law had a greater tendency to whet the ingenuity than to liberalise the understanding or enlarge the heart. The mind of this great man soared to something beyond the "visible diurnal sphere;" and the most prominent features of his public life have evinced the propriety of this assertion. But talents like his could not long remain neglected. Though he disdained his profession, he was too much of a patriot not to listen to the entreaties of his fellow citizens, in times of great peril and danger, when his country required wisdom and firmness to direct her councils. He was prevailed on to forego the felicity of retirement for the perplexity of public life. He was elected a representative in Congress. But that unconquerable diffidence, which is characteristic of superior merit, never once permitted him to speak, "The short period," a southern writer observes "during which he held his seat in Congress, had not admitted of a development of his talents, but he entered the body with the reputation of eminent talents." He certainly did. The penetrating eye of Mr. Jefferson perceived them, and he knew in what station to place him, that he might be the most eminently useful. At the urgent solicitation of the then President, he accepted the office of Attorney General of the United States. The ability with which he discharged the duties of that office, exceeded the highest expectation of his warmest admirers. Many persons had supposed that the profession of the bar was not altogether propitious to the display of his talents; but the credit with which he acquitted himself in the celebrated case of the Sugar Refiners, convinced them of their error. It is very remarkable, that notwithstanding his success at the bar has been almost unrivalled, he should have been so averse to continue in the office to which he had been appointed. We can attribute his resignation to no other reason than extreme embarrassment on important occasions. It is, however, a certain

token of great learning and a very placid disposition. The life of that amiable poet Cowper affords a striking instance of extraordinary diffidence: and the biographers of Mr. Madison inform us, that he was so exceedingly diffident during the first three years of his public life, he never once opened his lips in a debate.

After Mr. L's retirement from the bar, he was elected lieutenant governor of Massachusetts; a situation to which his superior qualifications are admirably adapted.

His pious, upright and firm deportment while he discharged the "gubernatorial" duties, after the demise of Gov. Sullivan, is a sufficient test of the orthodoxy of his religious and political principles. During the indisposition of Gov. Sullivan, his conduct was marked by extreme solicitude for the return of the governor's health; and the sorrow he expressed at the news of his death can scarcely be described.

A few of his friends desirous that he should be the successor of Gov. Sullivan, nominated him as a candidate for the office of Governor: but some Marplot who was favorable to the election of Mr. Gore raised a story, (and by some means or other it got into circulation) that the candidate for Governor was an old General of the same name, who had served in the revolutionary army, and of course was an improper person to be intrusted with affairs of state: because it is well known, that nothing more endangers the liberties of the people than to trust a military character with the civil authority. By this unfortunate event, Mr. Gore was elected; and once more did Mr. L. return to his rural abode, where in the character of a Farmer, it has always been his desire to remain. He did not, however, long enjoy the tranquility of the domestic fire-side; he was elected a member of the Executive Council; in which station he at present continues. The satisfaction he has given to his fellow citizens since he has belonged to that body, is a sure pledge of his future usefulness.

We understand that it is in contemplation to nominate him again for Governor; and we hope for the honor and welfare of the State that he may be elected. We are confident that it requires only the elevation of the Great Levi to the "Gubernatorial" chair to make us a happy and prosperous people.

## For the Scourge.

MR. TOUCHSTONE.—One of your constant readers is very much astonished that amongst the bad men who deserve your stripes, you have not as yet condescended to notice His Honor's public physician and almoner of his bounty at the Kine Pock Institution.—

The criminality and baseness of this man's character certainly merit a conspicuous place in your paper, as well that his fraud and crimes should be exposed, as to illustrate the characters of those men whom a democratic government delighted to honor since he has now become adopted by the Lieutenant Governor as an inferior agent in the execution of his grand political plans.

This self-styled American Jenner, upon his arrival from Europe, vain of acquisitions which none other than himself could perceive, assuming to himself the credit of introducing into this country an important blessing, which a few learned men were at that very time endeavoring to diffuse, had the art to palm himself upon the public for a great man and soon after so to deceive the government of Harvard University, as to procure himself to be enrolled among its professors, unfortunately for the credit of the professorship, he still retains it, without skill, without talents or even without virtue to recommend him. The borrowed plumes were soon stripped from this jackdaw, he was soon exposed to the ridicule of all who knew him in his own native deformity. After an obstinate resistance, this excrescence of the faculty was in the public opinion completely lopped off, and left without business to support even his family, so unequivocally was he detected for his meanness and hypocrisy.

At this time he became a democrat, numbering himself among the disciples of Jefferson, in consequence of finding no resource among honest men, and in a humble petition professing himself a con-

vert, promising allegiance to his nation in conformity to his profession, and to all his power the common cause, he then existing authority to appoint him to the Marine Hospital in Charlestown vacant; he followed this petition with excuses, there making speeches, and acting as chairman; these things being his suit was granted, and now behold of the Marine Hospital.

Here is the most eventful epoch of his career was short, for he forgot the maxim that "Honesty is the best policy," say, his dishonesty put even democracy he was displaced by the very men who office; the reasons for this step were matter of public notoriety. But could have supposed that among democrats would have been thought criminal to count with illegal and unjust charges his wife for a head nurse, to make her door of the Hospital nearly twice a week charge an extravagant price on account of spectability, or even to supply his own provisions purchased at the public expense of the sick in the Hospital? No such Doctor never perhaps would have been such dishonesty and theft, had not he wants eagerly desiring the office, reg beam in their own eyes, stood anxious point out the beam in their brother's quence was that the Doctor was dismissed. Now view him revolving in course to pursue to find bread for his fed with doubts, torn with apprehensions irretrievable ruin staring him in the face to console and none to comfort him—live moment democracy rose triumph chussets and instilled new hope into hoped not in vain, for his warmest desired; this hypocrite insinuated himself with his Honor, the poor weak gentleman resist his flattery, he took him into his passionate his sufferings, lent him a now supports him with his money; protegee now basking in gubernatorial forgetful of his fall, his dishonor and his ses his lancet and his pen, GRATIS, in a rons, to delude with a specious show of and to defend the character of the Child from deserved contempt and detestation.

For a proof of the Doctor's talents, fer to the number of medical students his lectures; for a proof of his skill to of patients he daily attends; for a prod esty and truth, to his late controversy wical Society; for a proof of his virtue at to the charges which procured his disr office, and finally for a proof of his pa humanity, to his attempts to vindicate th of the Governor's annihilation of the Lunatics.

I remain one of the Doctor's friends takes the liberty to prescribe a salutary n led REPEN

Cambridge, Oct. 1811.

P. crett, it seems, has abandoned mod ism, is no longer in French pay, and ha complete Yankee.

Mr. Touchstone.—Notwithstanding t Tom, begins to be more careful of his pa according to my promise procured for very interesting and larned epistle to friends. He swears he will write to that c tory printer about spelling the contents badly. I suppose you have heard from this.

Boston, Sept.

Deer friend,

I think raly that it's dam supprizin letter to an acquaintance but the da et hold on't and publish it. I no thare m: tha think bekaws I don't spel as wel o, that people will take me to be a dan hat luse mi influence among our parti



great learning and a very placid disposition. That amiable poet Cowper affords a striking example of extraordinary diffidence: and the biographer of Mr. Madison informs us, that he was singularly diffident during the first three years of his public life, he never once opened his lips in a

Mr. L's retirement from the bar, he was lieutenant governor of Massachusetts; a situation which his superior qualifications are admirably

his, upright and firm deportment while he held the "gubernatorial" duties, after the death of Governor Sullivan, is a sufficient test of the order of his religious and political principles. The indisposition of Gov. Sullivan, his condescension by extreme solicitude for the return of Governor's health; and the sorrow he expressed at the news of his death can scarcely be described.

of his friends desirous that he should be elected Governor of Gov. Sullivan, nominated him as a candidate for the office of Governor: but some Massachusetts was favorable to the election of Mr. Gore, (and by some means or other it got the election) that the candidate for Governor was General of the same name, who had served in the revolutionary army, and of course was an object to be intrusted with affairs of state: it is well known, that nothing more endearing to the people than to trust a military man with the civil authority. By this arrangement, Mr. Gore was elected; and once elected, Mr. L. returned to his rural abode, where in the retirement of a Farmer, it has always been his domain. He did not, however, long enjoy the quietude of the domestic fire-side; he was elected a member of the Executive Council; in which capacity he has since continued. The satisfaction of his fellow citizens since he has been in that body, is a sure pledge of his future

understand that it is in contemplation to nominate him for Governor; and we hope for the welfare of the State that he may be elected. We are confident that it requires only the election of the Great Levi to the "Gubernatorial" office to make us a happy and prosperous people.

#### For the Scurge.

Touchstone—One of your constant readers is astonished that amongst the bad men of your stripes, you have not as yet condescended to notice His Honor's public physician and his bounty at the Kine Pock Institution.—The finality and baseness of this man's character merit a conspicuous place in your paper: that his fraud and crimes should be exposed, to illustrate the characters of those men who in a democratic government delighted to honor a man now become adopted by the Lieutenant Governor as an inferior agent in the execution of his plans.

Mr. Touchstone—Upon his arrival in this country, vain of acquisitions which none himself could perceive, assuming to himself the right of introducing into this country an education, which a few learned men were then endeavoring to diffuse, had the art of selling upon the public for a great man and to deceive the government of Harvard as to procure himself to be enrolled as a professor, unfortunately for the credit of the institution, he still retains it, without skill, or even without virtue to recommend borrowed plumes were soon stripped away, he was soon exposed to the ridicule of his own native land. He knew him in his own native land, an obstinate resistance, this excessive faculty was in the public opinion commended off, and left without business to support himself, so unequivocally was he detected as a fraud and a hypocrite.

He became a democrat, numbering among the disciples of Jefferson, in consulting no resource among honest men, but petitioning himself a con-

science, promising allegiance to his master, to act in conformity to his profession, and to promote with all his power the common cause, he besought the then existing authority to appoint him physician to the Marine Hospital in Charlestown, an office then vacant; he followed this petition with attending causes, there making speeches, and occasionally acting as chairman; these things being duly reported, his suit was granted, and now behold him physician of the Marine Hospital.

Here is the most eventful epoch of this man's life; his career was short, for he forgot the salutary maxim that "Honesty is the best policy;" suffice it to say, his dishonesty put even democrats to shame; he was displaced by the very men who gave him the office; the reasons for this step were for a time a matter of public notoriety. But could the Doctor have supposed that among democratic brethren, it would have been thought criminal to swell his account with illegal and unjust charges, to substitute his wife for a head nurse, to make her look in the door of the Hospital nearly twice a week, and then charge an extravagant price on account of her respectability, or even to supply his own family with provisions purchased at the public expense for the use of the sick in the Hospital? No surely not. The Doctor never perhaps would have been accused of such dishonesty and theft, had not hungry expectants eagerly desiring the office, regardless of the beam in their own eyes, stood anxiously waiting to point out the beam in their brothers, the consequence was that the Doctor was disgracefully dismissed. Now view him revolving in his mind what course to pursue to find bread for his family, distracted with doubts, torn with apprehensions, seemingly irretrievable ruin staring him in the face, with none to console and none to comfort him.—At this decisive moment democracy rose triumphant in Massachusetts and instilled new hope into his bosom; he hoped not in vain, for his warmest desires were gratified; this hypocrite insinuated himself into favor with his Honor, the poor weak gentleman could not resist his flattery, he took him into his favor, he compassionated his sufferings, lent him assistance, and now supports him with his money; in return his protégé now basking in gubernatorial favour, alike forgetful of his fall, his dishonor and his shame; uses his lancet and his pen, GRATIS, in aid of his patrons, to delude with a specious show of benevolence and to defend the character of the Chief Magistrate from deserved contempt and detestation.

For a proof of the Doctor's talents, we would refer to the number of medical students who attend his lectures; for a proof of his skill to the number of patients he daily attends; for a proof of his honesty and truth, to his late controversy with the Medical Society; for a proof of his virtue and morality, to the charges which procured his dismissal from office, and finally for a proof of his patriotism and humanity, to his attempts to vindicate the propriety of the Governor's annihilation of the Hospital for Lunatics.

I remain one of the Doctor's friends, who now takes the liberty to prescribe a salutary medicine called  
**REPENTANCE.**  
Cambridge, Oct. 1811.

Perrett, it seems, has abandoned modern Patriotism, is no longer in French pay, and has become a complete Yankee.

Mr. Touchstone—Notwithstanding the old boy, Tom, begins to be more careful of his papers, I have according to my promise procured for you his last very interesting and learned epistle to one of his friends. He swears he will write to that dam young Tory printer about spelling the contents of letters so badly. I suppose you have heard from him before this.

Boston, Sept. 29, 1811.

Dear friend,  
I think raly that it's dam supprizin I can't rite a letter to an acquaintance but the dam torys will hold on't and publish it. I no have object dam: tha think bekaws I don't spel as well as sum fokes doo, that people will take me to be a dam fool, and I shal lose mi influence among our parti; but they

are devleishli mistaken I can tel um. It isn't collige larnin that wee are fitein for: its for the kaws of rippublikinism, and to ade Bonypart in ubranein the fredum of the seers. The torys no this, and thats the rezon that the dam raskuls tri to put down evry man of sence and infurmashun among us; but tha must be a dam site sharper than I think tha air, biffore thale prewent me frum uppinin the ize of the peeple, and eckspresin mi sentiments Ude bee surprized to se the dam fules reed mi letturs and laff at the spelin, but dam little doo I keer for that. Tha mis it devleishli ef tha think to laff me out of enni thing.

No, mi frend, you ma rest ashored that I shal kontinuer to rite to you and mi uther frends in deferunt parts, and giv them awl the infurmashun in mi power, for I think its the dooti of evri man of abilitis to eckstend the spear of his usefulnis in the presunt inturesstin peryud. I shal aekt mi own plesher in evri thing that kunsarns politix, lett the consequence bee whot it wil.

Ef Congris dont aekt like a pac of dam fules, as tha hav dun for fore or five ears bac, thale dicklare wor against Grate Britton, and then mi frend we shal hav the plesher I trust of klippin off a fue of the dam tory heds. But moer of this bime bi.

Du you thine that the Kownsell wasn't sich a cett of damd eternal num'ls as to giv that air Bradfud his choyse to sta in or not, after a full meetin of us rippublikins had ricummendid Captin Binni for the Sheriffs olliss? Did you ever heer of sich an insult awfurd to the peeple biffere? I had rather a dam site bee under that air old lubber George the thurd, if we air to hav sich a guverment as thiss anuther ear.

How duz that air mungril Stori cum on? I hait that feller. He haz a dam site two much pillarver for me. When tha leektid him speeker, do you thine the dam lubber didn't get up un maik a long speech bout it. Whi the devle can't awl rippublikins get into the way of dooin things as Abram Quinzi un I deo. Abram giv the Buncor Hill Sociashun a stan of kullers indippendunt da, and dam the word did he sa bout it, but poked um rite at Jobe Dru, and thare was a eend on't, and its the best wa, take mi word for it. I spoze ef Bill Fillups had dun sich a thing, heed ben for pillarverin and havin a long string of nonsense bowt it, as he did when he prizzentid the Who-saws with a stan of kullers. Did you ever se that cumpenni; tha look moer like a pac of old wimmin than enny thing elce. Tha hav the queerist dres that ever I seed: thares a thing whot cums down under thare throtes like the tyin of an old womun's nite kap, and thave got a red cloke that hangs on i sholedor, jes like an old kardinul that mi granmuther use to ware when I was a little boy.—Tawkin bout wimmin puts me in mind of a stori that I heerd yisturdy of our Guvner. Tha sa that when he was in Frans he had an ammore with a sartin ladi who was an operi singor. I didn't ax the man whot he ment by ammore, but I guess he ment a luv affare, and ef he did his sun in law Jim Ostin aint a grane behind him in that rispeckt. Now I guess ef this stori gets about in the kuntri, it wil hurt his lechshun, and I dont keer much ef it dooz, bekase I prefer Linkun to him.

Thave shipt off that dam mungril Evrit, and now French wil peper the dam torys and mungrils. Hees a feller of spunk and dont keer a dam for the best on um. Tuther da he told that air dam milksop Dany, that awl men wos equill, and that he wos as good as enny dam lawyur. Wasn't that bold? ha?

Thave got a devle of a stori bowt Judge Winul. Tha sa that he had a blac wife, but I dont beleev a word of it. Tha sed too that I had 2 wives. And sents that air Skurge is got into opperashun, the bizzzy boddys doo nuthin elce but rake up lize and stuff into it.—But never mind, let the luzers laff.—Tha ma tel awl the lize, and weel get all the offises. Its a still sow what gets awl the swill.

Tuther da when I went to Mons. Evonet's shop, [he is one of our kandidits for rippresentativ] he shode me the pickter which I hav sent you. He sed it was a carry-cretor. Whot the devle he ment by it I dont no, but I node the fases dam wel, and I wos glad to se that Ostin and Linkun had Gari under foot. Whoever drawd the pickter was a dam noein feller, I ken tel you. I dont like thare dres-

ses tho: Howsumevet Linkun ma ware sich a dres for whot I no, when hees farmin ont—but I sware Ostin never wore sich a dam ragid pee jacin in his life. Ostin wares good cloze, tho hees sich a dam cloce fistid feller—by the wa, sum fokes sa that he woodent pa Pulsifer for makin his daddy's coffin; but no mator for that, the pickter is jes like him, and I wish I had five hundred on um to giv to mi frends.

Yores tel deth.

Tom W—



We give the following letter as we received it, assuring the writer, whom we are happy to number among our correspondents, that we have not altered the orthography or punctuation, neither in this nor any of his former letters. If the writer should doubt the correctness of our assertion, he is requested to call and compare the original with the printed copy, before he bestows the compliment he promises.

TOUCHSTONE.

Tim Touchstone,

I think yure a damd honest feller tho I dont like yure polietix. I hait awl mungrils, tha are a dam site worse than fedderels.—Such fellers as Evarit and them du more hurt to the rippublikin kaws than yu and jon Park with awl yure skurgis and rippurterys I send yu this lettur to tel yu I donte like yure awlterin the spelin of them air letturs of mine, sum dam mungril or uthur got hoald off and sent tu yu.—Tha want spelt haf so bad ass yu printed um—I no I dont olwus spel rite, but I aint asferd to rite with justass Vinull if he was bread a skulemaster and I a saler.—If yu git enny more off mi letturs yu ma print em an well cum—I ante ashamed on em—onne dont oltur the spelin in that cussed wa ass yuve dun tuthers.

I doant cair how much yu blaggard hickerbud frawst for hese a durte skamp and a disgrais tu ower parti, and I wish yu had im en yure cide. Ass fur Evaret ime toald hese a goin back tu jine fedderuls and print a dam tory paper tu be cawld the yancee. Let him go and be damd to him, I sa and awl the uther dam mungrils.—Guverner Gere isnt tuppens better—we shant hav him guverner next yere I spoze wele hav Linkhorn—hese the man and he cant maik that fulish eckskuce about bein blinde that he did afoar Dockter smith has purformid an opperashun on his ise and took off awl the flem and he kan sea now as wel as ever.

I tel yu agin yure a dam klever feller—I like to sea foxe won side or tuther—so is Tim Pickherring, and ide ruther hav him guverner than a dam mile and wartur feller. But if yu altar anni moar of mi letturs ile giv yu a dam baistin—so talk kair.

Tom W—

#### QUERIES

For Mr. SECRETARY B.—H.—

Do you recollect receiving from a certain French dancing master, a power of attorney to collect his bills and settle his accounts?

Do you recollect ever having any concern with a certain Spanish gentleman, an acquaintance of the Frenchman's?

Do you recollect the Spaniards' paying the Frenchman a certain sum; and his taking your note to secure the reimbursement thereof; and your refusing to discharge your note, after you discovered it was without an endorsement?

And do you think you would have been appointed to the office of Secretary by any but democrats?

Mr. Touchstone—A certain democratic attorney in Dorsets Alley sued a man not long since for the sum of three dollars, with the following order on the back of the summons, which I think nearly equals T. W's letters.

"Mr. Crabtree—I have waited a long time for you to attend to this thing. I have sit the court forehead to give you an opportunity to settle the same. If you will call before the Court and prevent—further costs—and make an arrangement of it some way or other way; by paying a part of it.

Signed,

T. M."



From the Alexandria Gazette.

Avast, there, Mr. Printer—you stow away such a parcel of long-legged palaver in your paper, that a body's upperworks are all confustrated—I want to have a little go ashore jaw with you—You must know I've just arrived from Lisbon—Bonnypart's people have been trying to play the devil in that country, but they've not been able to get to windward of the British, so they told me the old cock swears he'll take a trick at the helm himself and drive that Wellington and his crew into the sea—Howsomever, the British don't value his swaggering—They told me a great many stories about them Monshurs, as how tied women and children to trees in the sun, and left the poor souls there to die—Thinks I, if that's the course you steer my harties, the devil send his compliments to you say I—Well Mr. Printer I ax'd every body I come athwart, what Bonnypart was killing them people for, but nobody could tell me any thing like the clean thing—Some said one thing, and some another—Ben Bobstay, our steward, one of your deep fellers, says that Bonney and the king of Portugal had a quarrel, and the king would't fight, so Bonney is kicking up all this bohery by way of retaliation, I think they call it; well says I, its a pity them people should suffer for other folks' mis-doing; but you know every thing is ordered aloft; each bullet has got its commission, as the song says, so I spose he musn't grumble—howsomever, that Portugal is a fine country—there is not much of the hard stuff, but plenty of wine, figs, almonds, oranges, and such like ware—Ben Bobstay says the sea-breezes makes the country healthy which you know fellows of course.

I hope Bonnypart wont kill all the people: but from all I can gather among my messmates, I'm afraid he will, and then you know our flour would come down by the run, if so be as how he wouldnt allow us to trade with him. Some of the folks at Lisbon don't speak well of our government, Mr. Printer; I got into a scuffle with a land lubber about, it one night, so I soon darkened one of his peepers, and come off; and I warrant me he wont take the tompons from his muzzle while on that tack again.

I hear a great deal of jaw about fighting and such like, among the swabs; now I wish you'd tell met Mr. Printer, if we are to have a war with the British; I've heard so much about that there business for some years past, that I'm in a kind of quandary what to think; It aint as how I'm afear'd of 'em, but you see I should be sorry to thrash 'em unless they insulted us—And I think they've got trouble enough upon their hands already, and it seems to me it aint fair to pick a quarrel with a feller that's got more than his march upon him. But if so be that the British are such blasted fools as to want a war with us, why let 'em come on, sa I; they'll soon get tired of it; a few thumps from old Truxton and Rodgers will cool their copper, and they will be glad to fall upon their marrow bones and cry for quarter as they have done before.

As I was saying before Mr. Printer, I dont't like that Bonnypart; he's a chap I take it, that veers with every gale and blows his blasts from all points of the compas; one day he palavers as smooth as a southern breeze, and the next he blusters like a stiff northwester; I say I dont like them sort of fellers; up and down for me; he's got wind and tide in his favor now, and sends along with all sails set: but you see a bulls eye squall may capsize him when he little thinks ont, and set him adrift on his beam-ends; he cant have fair weather always.

Yours 'till death,

TOM PIPES.

Speech of the Hon. Ebenezer Seaver, Esq. in Congress, in the Spring of 1809.

Mr. Speaker—Mant I go home; tis ene jest time to plant taters; and I spect number cows to cave bout this time and Ginerol Dubbon says I must go home to help long with lection; Roxberry folks bliged to make great exertions to keep the Tories from getting the weather gage of us, besides my frins all assemble at Richard's, a publican Hotel in Boston, and spect me to tell um all bout congress.

Mr. Touchstone—If you think the following verification of the speech of a governor, who, it appears, is himself governed, you will please to give it a place.

#### DEMO'S

We've practis'd the old Serpents wiles,  
And shed the tears of Crocodiles,  
To gain despotic power.  
Old Tories now throughout the land,  
Shall tremble when we raise this hand,  
And this strong arm of ours.

That vile assemblage we'll put down,  
Those Rebels of this ancient town,  
In these all glorious times:  
Tho' men of Talents and of Sense,  
Of Wealth, Respect, and Influence,  
The greater are their crimes.

They rise up early and sit up late,  
To sow Sedition through the state,  
Which does our friends amaze:  
Soon shall they quit their native home,  
In foreign countries they shall roam—  
In exile spend their days.

Not feeling in my seat secure,  
One year I did with them endure,  
In hopes they'd come about;  
Still Oppugnation fills each breast,  
They give me neither peace nor rest,  
Therefore I'll turn them out.

Thus gentlemen, I've spoke at large,  
On what you gave to me in charge,  
And nothing will abate:  
Altho' the Feds should call me fool,  
Yet let me have the name to rule,  
And you shall rule the state. X. Y. Z.

#### RESPOND.

You've done the thing, which pleases well,  
Makes ev'ry heart with joy to swell,  
And dissipates our fears:  
Let the Old Tories now deride,  
For our own household we'll provide,  
For this and future years.

Our caucus nights, and 'lection days,  
Shall trumpet forth great Gerry's praise:  
The modern Hutchinson.  
Our voices too we'll raise for Gray,  
Sweet voices, like an Ass's bray,  
And all in unison.

The famous military character, Ika Munroe was once chosen captain of a certain Rifle Corps in this town. For a long time, the members of the company were at a loss for an appropriate title; at length they selected that of the "Rifle Greens," in compliment to their Captain, who was thought to be rather green in military tactics: and green he was indeed, for after trying three months to get his men to perform the manual exercise, he abandoned the attempt and resigned. They afterwards elected a certain J. E. Smith, and in compliment to him as he is quite a dark colored gentleman, they called themselves the "Black-Guards." What afterwards became of them we know not, but presume that as they were destitute of arms as well as discipline, they have marched off for Syria.

A certain whisky distiller in North-Carolina, who had been a great pugilist in his youth, wishing to procure a still to hold thirty-six gallons, and to employ a man who understood gauging, wrote to a friend in a seaport, that he "wanted a still maid to hold thirty-six gallants, and a man of talons who understood gauging."

Miller, of Dorsett's Alley, who excels all men in ugly looks (save old Ichabod) feels wounded that his name was omitted in the catalogue of expectant representatives; believing himself to possess as much patriotism, and as much deformity, both mental and bodily as Tom Webb, Job Drew or Major Brazer; though he never "fought, bled and died on Bunker's heights" as one of these gentlemen once did. The frail sisterhood are surprised that his printed card should not have given as much information of him as any decent man would wish to know.

Whoever has the misfortune to behold the phiz of this old colony emigrant, will be constrained to say, that he not only views objects with a single eye, but keeps an eye out on all occasions.

#### THE MISSIONARY,

An Indian Tale by the celebrated Miss Owens, three volumes in one, with a Likeness engraved by the American artist

ANN OF BRITTANY an Historical Romance. Three volumes in one

"The union of Bretagne with the French under Charles VIII and Louis XII and the final extinction of the English influence in France, will always be subjects of general interest—and not inferior to the most striking page of fiction." History of France.

A FATHER'S TALES to his DAUGHTER, By S. N. Bouilly member of the academy of arts and sciences, of Tours, &c. &c.—translated from the French—Two volumes in one. aug. 31.

#### TO THE PUBLIC.

Monson, County of Hampshire & Commonwealth of Mass. Aug. 1811.

FOR the good of those of my fellow men, who may experience the loss of health, I make the following statement of fact.—That one year and a half, I was the consequence of excessive labour, afflicted with pain both of my sides, difficulty of breathing, some cough, loss of flesh; made use of a variety of medicines from different physicians to no effect, for twelve months, then placed myself under the care of Dr. George Rogers, and by the use of his Vegetable Pulmonic Detergent, and mild vegetable treatment for about three months, can say I am restored to the enjoyment of evidently increasing good health and soundness again; and I have abundant reason to attribute my recovery to the use of the

VEGETABLE PULMONIC DETERGENT, and would recommend it as a safe and efficacious medicine. CALVIN HYDE

The above mentioned very valuable medicine is for sale at the Lottery and Exchange Office of

R. HUNTINGTON,

No. 1, Exchange street—BOSTON, sole Agent and Vender.

Is for sale at R. H's, almost every kind of genuine and approved patent Medicines, particularly the much celebrated Dr. Hunter's Pills; Relf's aromatic Pills; Dr. Relf's botanical Drops and all medicines prepared by W. T. CONWAY. Also, essence of peppermint. Opodeldo, Lee's Pills, Turlington's Balsam, Denison's Bitters, Eye-Salve, Cold Cream, British Oil, Scotch Ointment, &c. Spanish Cigars, Maccab u, and other Snuff, smoking a d chewing tobacco, wholesale and retail.

#### Also—

Tickets and Quarters in all the Lotteries now before the public. Dixville Road Lottery commences drawing in a few days, and tickets will shortly rise; they may be had of R. Huntington for 5 d llars quarters, 1 st.

Prize Tickets in the Harvard College, and New-York Union Lotteries taken in payment

The Managers Official List of Prizes in the New-York Union College Lottery, No 2, may be examined at the above Office.

Also all kinds of bank bills bought and sold, exchanged on the usual terms. Aug 24.

#### GENERAL INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

REGISTER KEPT FOR ENTERING THE FOLLOWING—viz.

Purchase and sale of Real Estate; letting and renting of Houses, parts of Houses, Stores, Country Seats, Farms, Boarding Houses and Boarders, Sea-faring men, Families wanting domestics and young women or men wanting employment; Journeymen and Apprentices; Property found or lost; Intelligence and Information given on various subjects, by which means no one need be at a loss. It will be of the utmost importance to citizens and strangers by having the "entered" one place, No. 6, Exchange Buildings, Devonshire Street.

Office hours, from Sun-rise until 9 in the evening. Oct. 21. JOHN PALMER.

#### COLUMBIAN MUSEUM,

Next the Stone Chapel—Tremont-St.

Is a fashionable and valuable resort for amusement and is calculated to please the gay—inform the inquisitive—and for the grave to admire; nearly one hundred feet long and thirty wide.

Among the late additions is a correct likeness of AN MOORE, a woman who has lived more than three years without food. Also,

A PANORAMIC VIEW of the STORMING of SINGAPATAM, the original painted by the celebrated Sir Robert K. Porter. Admission to the Museum, without distinction of age. Aug. 12.

#### WANTED,

AT John Palmer's Intelligence Office, number of Cooks, and young women to do house work. Also, three Men who are well acquainted with the world, a family, and a number of Boys.

TO BE LET—thirty one houses of different sizes. aug. 14

THE

No. 8.]

BOSTON:

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER

Mr. Touchstone.—By the treacherous low domestic I have obtained possession of a script Journal kept by a late worthy revolution, "who died in New-York." It contains all the memoranda of the and trifling events which occurred to residence in a foreign country—kept for his own convenience and private use, intended for publication. Having had against him which I dared not reveal, living I am determined to glut my memory by letting the world know great man sometimes made himself. I send you the present extract and furnish your useful paper from this source.

Your constant correspondent

Journal,

Jan. 1 1781. "Wrote from the I slept in the chamber with Mynish who ushered in the new year with a tremor which awoke me at an earlier hour of time of rising. Turned upon 'tother getting another nap; but alas! Vanb settled into a determined Dutch style of negotiation by no means of my ideas of diplomatic etiquette—asking for fresh instructions from my consultation with my colleagues, I came to a determination of putting an end to it; events for my justification. Accord without delay a remonstrance in the style of my country—I transcribe it of posterity with a single remark the truly characteristic of its author.

"Hague, Jan. 1, 2 o'clock  
"To Mynheer Vanbumbo, &c. &c.

"You had better turn you

Vanbumbo's reply to this my reasoned to me at the time somewhat offensive." Upon which I with the decision peculiar to myself, demand, "whether what I had just heard considered as his ultimatum? He replied he could not allow me to consider it tum—Yet I must be sensible it was principle of negotiation as recognized ment," and "he added" (with a degrading becoming the occasion) "the precumatum." Then raising himself on and turning an inquisitive eye toward demanded of me in low Dutch who pared with the necessary credential, exchange with me; accordingly an place. His on examination I found mine though not so full was not the to Vanbumbo.

Thus ends this day's Journal.

Note in 1811. The Dutch were people for solidity of parts. How contrived to send them all to pot is a

\* Note from Sallust—"A certain congress" in the debate on the question in what part of Jackson's correspondence offensive passage was most unskillful by the reporter. When the Hon. appeared in print it excited much during its delivery, and he for a she the reputation of discovering the one else had even dreamed of looking uncommon sagacity gave the Hon. derful eclat; but alas! his was as on which it rested." An erratum of for—read fact! left the insult in it rity; and to this day no cunning "place his finger on the offensive should make as laughable a mistake did. "The Hon. Member alluded the truth of this statement."